

WAR FRONT FURY  BATTLEFIELD ADVENTURES

G.I. COMBAT

FEBRUARY NO. 3

10c

**AN INDESTRUCTIBLE
MARINE**

**SUICIDE
DECOY**

**HAVOC BEHIND
RED LINES**

**NO GRANDSTAND
IN HELL**





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HAVOC BEHIND RED LINES



DOWN THE TRACK IT CAREENED... THIS CAPTURED RED MUNITIONS TRAIN... WITH ITS DESPERATE CREW OF ESCAPED AMERICAN R.W.'S! FLINGING ASIDE THEIR ONLY CHANCE FOR FREEDOM, THEY RODE A 1,000 TO 1 SHOT TO DESTROY THE RED BATTLE LINES FROM THE REAR! FOR THREE HAIR-RAISING HOURS THEY MIGHT... WITH LUCK... RAISE HELL WITH THE ENEMY, BUT THEY ALL KNEW THAT WHAT LOOMED AT THE END OF THE LINE WAS EXTINCTION, CERTAIN, SWIFT AND HORRIBLE!

THIS IS THE RED PRISON CAMP AT KUNSONG! A GIGANTIC PESTHOLE TO THOSE WHO ENDURED ITS HORRORS! A GRAVEYARD FOR THOSE DESPERATE FEW WHO TRIED TO ESCAPE A SLOW, SURE DEATH!



ALL RIGHT, YOU PIGS! GET INTO THE NEXT TRUCK!

PIGS IS RIGHT! THE POINT IS... DO US PIGS GO TO A NEW PIGSTY OR TO A SLAUGHTER HOUSE?

DOES IT MATTER? SLOW DEATH OR QUICK DEATH... IT'S NONE OF IT ANY GOOD!



YES, THINGS WERE ON THE MOVE IN KUNSONG COMPOUND, BUT ON THE MOVE WHERE? ON THE MOVE WHY? THOSE THE \$44 DOLLAR QUESTIONS TO MEN WHOSE LIVES WEREN'T WORTH A CENT IF THEY GUESSED WRONG!

THEY WOULDN'T DARE TAKE US OUT TO KILL US! THEY'VE GOT TO ACCOUNT TO UNCLE SAM FOR EVERY PRISONER THEY TAKE!

THEY CARE A LOT! SO THEY'LL JUGGLE THE BOOKS! THEY MOVE A DECIMAL POINT... AND COVER UP A HUNDRED STIFFS THEY DON'T FEEL LIKE FEEDING!



THERE WAS ONE P.W. NAMED PRITCHARD WHO HAD ANOTHER THEORY!

IT ISN'T TO KILL US OR SWITCH US TO WORSE OR BETTER QUARTERS THAT THEY'RE MOVING US OUT! IT'S SOMETHING ELSE! I THINK THE DOGGIES ARE COMING!

YOU MEAN... A G.I. PUSH?



YES! OUR BOYS MIGHT BE ADVANCING ALL ALONG THE FRONT AND THREATENING A BREAK-THROUGH! SO THE REDS ARE MOVING US NORTH TOWARD THE YALU RIVER TO PREVENT OUR BEING RESCUED!



IN THAT CASE IT'S TOO BAD WE CAN'T STICK AROUND! I'VE SEEN ENOUGH TWO-LEGGED AND FOUR-LEGGED COOTIES TO LAST ME A LIFETIME!

WHO HASN'T? BUT WHAT CAN WE DO? WE GO WHERE THEY SEND US!

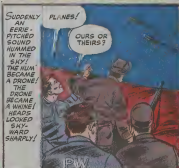
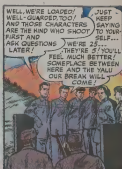
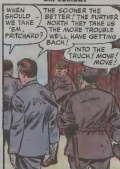


THAT'S THE POINT... DO WE?

FOR THE FIRST TIME WE'LL BE BEYOND THE BARBED WIRE OF THIS CAMP! JUST US... 25 OF US... IN A TRUCK WITH A HALF DOZEN ARMED GUARDS! MAYBE THAT TRUCK CAN GO SOUTH AS WELL AS NORTH!



I GET IT! ESCAPE!





YESSIR! WE DID ALL RIGHT!
BUT WE'RE FAR FROM SAFE!
IF THE REDS CATCH US NOW
WE'LL BE PUSHING UP DAISIES
FASTER THAN YOU CAN
SAY 'EGG FOO YONG!'

ESPECIALLY IF
GO PARADING
AROUND IN THIS
P.W. GET-UP!
WE CAN'T TURN
MONGOLIAN
OVERNIGHT!

WE WON'T HAVE TO! NOT WHILE
THERE'S A COUPLE OF BLOOD-
SOAKED UNIFORMS LYING AROUND!
SOME OF YOU GUYS WHO AREN'T
TOO SQUEAMISH, STRIP AND
SWITCH WITH THE STIFFS!

TEH! TSK! MY
MOTHER
SHOULD SEE
ME NOW! SHE
DIDN'T BRING
ME UP TO BE
A COMMIE!



THERE'S NO SENSE GOING BACK
THE ROAD WE CAME! WE'D ONLY
BE SPOTTED! WE'LL HEAD CROSS-
COUNTRY TILL WE FIND ANOTHER
ROAD GOING
SOUTH!

WON'T IT LOOK
PECULIAR... A RED
TRUCK AFRAID TO USE
THE MAIN
HIGHWAY?

YOU BET YOUR SWEET LIFE IT WILL!
LET'S NOT OVER-ESTIMATE OUR
CHANCES OF GETTING THROUGH!
THEY'RE 1,000 TO 1 AGAINST US!
BUT IS THERE ANY
ALTERNATIVE?

FRITCHARD'S
RIGHT! THE FATS
IN THE FIRE! IT'S UP
TO US TO SEE WHOSE
GOOSE IS COOKED! OURS
OR THE REDS?

KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR
RED PATROLS! IF WE RUN INTO
ANY, KNOCKING 'EM OFF MIGHT
BE A BLESSING! WE'LL GET A
LOT FURTHER IN COMMIE-LAND
IF WE ALL DRESS AS THE
COMMIES
DO!



SHORTLY AFTER... THE TRUCK NEARED AN AUXILIARY
ROAD!

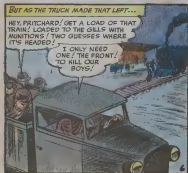
FRITCHARD...
SPEAKIN' OF THE DEVIL!
REDS! WITH A
MOTORCYCLE
ESCORT!

JUST WH. IT THE DOCTOR
ORDERED! KEEP GOING
TILL WE SEE THE REDS OF
THEIR EYES! THEN EVERY
GUY WITH A GUN...
CUT LOOSE!

COMRADES!
WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?
SLOW DOWN!

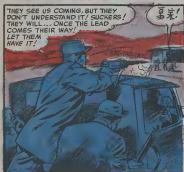
SLOW DOWN... BULL! I'M
PLOWIN' INTO THAT BUNCH!
THIS BUS CAN DO AS MUCH
DAMAGE AS BULLETS!

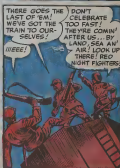
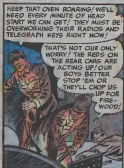






SO, FOR THE SECOND TIME THAT NIGHT, THE TRUCK SWUNG OFF THE ROAD... BUT THIS TIME IT TOOK... NOT THE PATH OF LIFE, BUT... OF SUICIDE!





AND SO A FLAMING RAMP OR RUINED BRIDGE MARKED EACH HURDLE OF THE TRAIN'S PROGRESS, AS HISTORICAL MINUTES TICKED AWAY...

IT'S A CINCH NOW NO RED TRAIN WILL EVER CHASE US FROM THE NORTH OR EVER DELIVER A BULLET OR A SANDWICH TO THE SOUTH!

YEAH, MAN! PASS THE AMMUNITION!



THEN THAT AMMUNITION WAS PASSED ON TO THE REDS... IN A WAY NO RED COULD APPRECIATE!



THEM RED SKYWINDERS BOTHER ME, PRITCH! THEY SHOULD'VE STOPPED US LONG AGO! THERE WONT BE ANY AMMO LEFT IF WE GET AWAY WITH THIS MUCH LONGER!

THAT'S WHY I THINK THE COMMIES HAVE PLANNED A SURPRISE FOR US DOWN THE TRACK! WE'LL HAVE TO WATCH OUR STEP!



FIVE MINUTES LATER...

THERE IT IS, PRITCH! THEY'VE BARRICADED THE TRACK! IF WE STOP, WE'RE SUNK!

THAT'S WHY I'M INCREASING THE SPEED! WE HAVE A 1,000 TO 1 CHANCE OF BUSTING THROUGH, BUT WE'VE GOT TO TAKE IT!



SHE MADE IT! WE'RE BACK ON THE TRACK!

NOW START PRAYIN! THERE'S ANOTHER TRAIN COMIN'! LOOK AT THE SMOKE!

THIS IS IT, BOYS! END OF THE LINE! HERE'S WHERE WE GET OFF!



MOMENTS LATER, AS THE TRAIN WAS STOPPED AND ABANDONED... AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON...



THAT'S WHAT I CALL A GRAND SLAM!

WELL, WE TOOK A 1,000 TO 1 CHANCE AND WE WON! I THINK A PRETTY GOOD GUY UP THERE WAS LOOKING AFTER US!

A PRETTY GOOD GUY DOWN HERE WAS LOOKING AFTER US, TOO! GREAT WORK, PRITCH! NOT AS GREAT AS THE CAUSE WE'RE FIGHTING! THERE'S ONLY ONE END OF THE LINE FOR A FREE PEOPLE... VICTORY!



THE LUCK OF THE IRISH SEEMED TO SMILE UPON PAT RILEY IN ONE BLOODY BATTLE AFTER ANOTHER! AND TO HIS BUDDIES, PAT LOOKED TO BE OUR NEW SECRET WEAPON...

AN INDESTRUCTIBLE MARINE

THAT'S RILEY
OUT THERE!

AS PAT RILEY, A RAW MARINE REPLACEMENT, THROWS THE LAST SHOVELFUL OF DIRT FROM HIS NEWLY DUG FOXHOLE...

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME
KID! PULL IN YOUR
HEAD AND PRAY!

VOOM

THEY DROP A FEW ON US
EVERY DAY TO LET US
KNOW THEY'RE STILL
AROUND!

CRUUP

VOOM

MAYBE I SHOULDA DUG
THIS HOLE A LITTLE
DEEPER!



SUDDENLY, THE HOWLING SNEER OF A
MORTAR SHELL WARNS OF A DIRECT HIT--

GET DOWN---! IT'S GONNA
BE AWFUL CLOSE!

WHEEEE



WHOOSH



THE RED BARRAGE ENDS AS
SUDDENLY AS IT BEGAN!

HOW'D YOU --? WHA--! A DUD!
C'MON OUTTA THERE, KID!
AND DON'T JIGGLE
THAT BABY!



KID--LADY LUCK WASN'T
JUST SMILIN' AT YOU!
SHE WAS IN DOWNRIGHT
HYSTERICIS!



SEVERAL
DAYS
LATER,
TALK
OF
RILEY'S
AMAZING
LUCK
IS
FORGOTTEN
AS THE
COMMUNISTS
LAUNCH A
POWERFUL
ARMORED
ATTACK!

THEY REALLY
MEAN
BUSINESS!



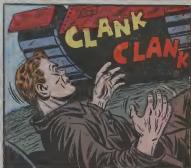
WHOOM
BLAM



WHAM



VOOM





WITH A BARBARIC DISREGARD OF THE TREMENDOUS LOSSES THEY ARE SUSTAINING, THE NUMERICALLY SUPERIOR REDS PRESS THEIR BLOODY ATTACK!





THIS IS
FOR
RILEY!

HIS KIND OF
LUCK HAD TO
RUN OUT!



HEY, GIMMIE A
HAND -- I'M
STUCK HERE!

RILEY--!



I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU GOT
KID -- BUT YOU'RE
INDESTRUCTIBLE!

JUST THE
LUCK OF
THE IRISH!



THEY'RE STILL
COWIN'!

ME -- I'M
GETTIN'
TIRED OF
RETREATIN'!



SO I'M FIGURIN'
ON DOIN' A
LITTLE
ATTACKIN'!

RILEY ---
ARE YOU
CRAZY--!



C'MON! NOTHING'S
GONNA HAPPEN TO
ME TODAY!

SET BACK ON THEIR HEELS BY THE FIERCE, SINGLE-HANDED ATTACK, THE REDS ARE THROWN OFF BALANCE!



AND THE OUTNUMBERED MARINES ATTACK ALL ALONG THE LINE!



WE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN!



THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE FADE INTO THE DISTANCE AS THE RESURGENT MARINES PURSUE THE WILDLY FLEEING REDS! BUT TWO MEN STOP FOR A MOMENT...!

GOOD-BYE, KID! YOU WERE ONE OF THE BEST MARINES... AND ONE OF THE LUCKIEST!

WAS HE LUCKY? OR WERE WE... FOR HAVIN' HIM WITH US!



SUZU BLAKE and the Magic Mirror

A TRUE STORY

DICK DRAKE ASKED ME
TO THE PROM SATURDAY-
BUT I CAN'T POSSIBLY GO!
JUST LOOK AT MY STRINGY
HAIR-MY DRIED OUT SKIN...
I'M A MESS!

LISTEN SUZY I'LL
TELL YOU IN A
JIFF HOW YOU
CAN BECOME A
REAL GLAMOUR
GIRL!

LOVE
3
MINUTES
ROMANCE
SHEER MAGIC



DICK DRAKE

DISCOVERS
NIL-O-NAL'S
3-MINUTE
MAGIC

THE GIRLS CALL ME
'WILD MAN FROM
BORNEO' BECAUSE
MY HAIR WON'T STAY
COMBED! MAYBE
NIL-O-NAL IS
THE ANSWER!



SAY THIS REALLY FEELS
GOOD! ALL YOU DO IS
RUB IT IN FOR 3
SHORT MINUTES AND
THE SUPER-LANOLIN
FORMULA WORKS DEEP
DOWN... REVITALIZES
BOTH THE HAIR AND
THE SCALP!

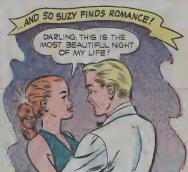
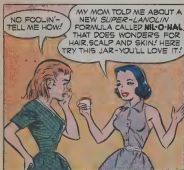


OFF ON ANOTHER DATE!
MASTER, NIL-O-NAL IS
REALLY TORNADO-PROOF!
WHY YOUR HAIR STAYS
SMOOTH WITHOUT THAT
PLASTERED LOOK! ALL
DAY LONG-AND THROUGH
A BIG NIGHT OF DANCING-
TOO!



Use NIL-O-NIL for

Hair and Scalp... Curls
and Waves • Sunburn •
Windburn • Chapped
Hands and Lips •
Dry, Rough Skin • Chaf-
ing • Burning Feet •
Dish-pen Hands • Mild
Deodorant • Minor
Cuts, Burns and
Bruises • Before and
After Shampooing •
Hair Dressing for
Youths and Misses
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Wrinkles • • •



EASY
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Now Only
\$2 plus
tax



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242 East Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois

Gentlemen:

Back me the large supply of NIL-O-NAL. If I'm not delighted, I can return unused portion after 30 days and receive full refund (Money Offer—THREE \$2.00 jars \$5.00 plus tax—same guarantee)

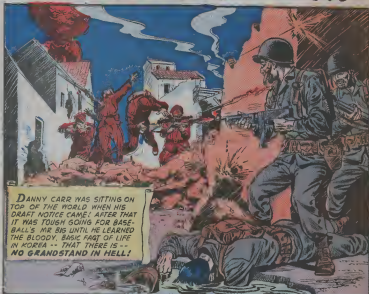
Name

Address

City State

☐ Send 2 C.O.D. 44 pay postman only \$2.00 per jar, plus 10% tax and C.O.D. postage.
☐ Enclose \$2.40 and we will pay postage. Or, enclose only \$2.40 and we will pay postage.
☐ Enclosed is cash check or money order for \$2.40 ☐ \$4.00 for Economy Ship. ☐ Send correct

No Grandstand in Hell



DANNY CARR WAS SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD WHEN HIS DRAFT NOTICE CAME! AFTER THAT IT WAS TOUGH GOING FOR BASEBALL'S MR BIG UNTIL HE LEARNED THE BLOODY, BASIC FACT OF LIFE IN KOREA -- THAT THERE IS -- **NO GRANDSTAND IN HELL!**

SOMEWHERE THERE IS A REST CAMP WITH HOT BATHS, CLEAN CLOTHES, GOOD FOOD, GIRLS-- BUT NOT HERE, A SCANT MILE BEHIND THE PUNJON LINE IN KOREA!

HEY, HEY YUH DUMB KNOTHEAD! WE GOT ENOUGH MUO IN THIS CHOW NGN!

SHADDUP, GOLLINS! IT'S PROBABLY THE REPLACEMENT HQ WAS SEND-ING UP!

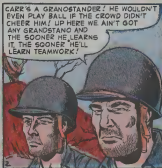
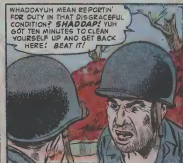
WHEN A VOICE CARRIES THAT SNAP OF ACCUSTOMED AUTHORITY A SOLDIER JUMPS FIRST AND LOOKS LATER!

YOU-- SOLDIER GET A PLANK DOWN HERE SO I DONT HAVE TO STEP IN THAT MUO!

YES, SIR! MURPHY! OLSON! A PLANK ON THE DOUBLE!

UGH! WHAT A PIG STY!





ANY DAY NOW WE'RE
HEADING BACK TO HELL--
WHERE THE GUY WHO
OBEYS ORDERS ON THE
JUMP IS THE GUY WHO
LIVES TO COME BACK!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT YOU'VE
GOT A PROBLEM, SARGE!
FROM WHAT I READ, CARR'S
TEMPERMENTAL AS AN
ORCHID! IT OUGHTA BE
FUN TO WATCH!



EXACTLY TEN MINUTES LATER ...

PFC DANNY
CARR REPORT-
ING AS
ORDERED!

CARR, I'VE BEEN
THINKING OF WHAT
YOU SAID AND YOU'RE
ABSOLUTELY RIGHT!
THIS PLACE IS A DIS-
GRACE, WITH THAT
BIG MUD HOLE ...



SO I'M GONNA LET
YOU **EMPTY** THAT
MUD-HOLE! START
SCOOPING, DOG-FACE,
AND BE SURE YOU
DUMP THE MUD FAR,
AWAY FROM THE
CAMP!

AHWRK!



AN HOUR LATER, PRIVATE MURPHY
DRIFTED OVER TO THE WEARY G.I.

LOOK, SUCKER! WE ALL
KNOW YOU'RE A BASEBALL
WHIZZ, BUT THIS IS WAR
AND THE SARGE KNOWS
HIS JOB! IF YOU'LL
COOPERATE ...

I'LL COOPERATE ---
ANY TIME HE'S GOT
THE GUTS TO SHED
THOSE STRIPES AND
MAKE IT MAN TO MAN!
I KNOW HIS TYPE!



I MADE \$1000 DOLLARS
A WEEK AS THE BIGGEST
PITCHER IN BASEBALL, SO
HE'S JEALOUS! HIS DULL
BRAIN GETS A KICK OUT
OF RIDING SOMEBODY
MORE SUCCESSFUL!

HAVE IT YOUR WAY,
BUT I'VE GOT
ONE PIECE OF
ADVICE!



UP FRONT WE'VE GOT
NO STARS! WE'RE ALL
ON THE SAME TEAM
AND ALL DRAWING
THE SAME PAY!
GOOF OFF ONCE AND
ALL OUR LIVES ARE
AT STAKE!

YEAH, YEAH! YOU
DO YOUR JOB
AND I'LL DO
MINE, FRIEND!
AND SKIP
• THE
ADVICE!



THE CONVERSATION WAS SUDDENLY BROKEN OFF BY
A BELLOW FROM THE SERGEANT!

GRAB YOUR GEAR YOU
LUCKY GUYS! WE'RE
MOVING UP TO THE LINE
TONIGHT! THE REGS
ARE DRIVING AGAIN!

OH, GOOOOY! I WAS AFRAID
THIS SORT LIFE WAS
GONNA UNDERMINE MY
MORAL FIBER!



AS THE SWIFT KOREAN NIGHT CLOSES IN, THE MEN PREPARE TO MOVE FORWARD INTO THE BATTLE ZONE, FORWARD INTO HELL!

YOU, CARR-- WHADDAYUH GOT INSIDE THAT SHIRT?

NOT THAT IT'S ANYBODY'S BUSINESS BUT MY OWN SERGEANT, BUT THAT'S **FOOD!** YOU KNOW SOME PEOPLE **EAT** ONCE IN A WHILE!



DON'T THEY TEACH THESE ROOKIES ANYTHING? GET RID OF THAT JUNK RIGHT NOW, CARR, AND MAKE IT SNAPPY! NO CANS EXCEPT C-RATIONS!



YOU HAVE TO THROW YOUR WEIGHT, DON'T YOU! I BOUGHT AND PAID FOR THESE! BUT YOU'RE THE BOSS!

LET'S GO! AND DON'T FORGET, THE REDS ARE ENFILTERING THE LINES! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!

I'VE GOT ONE LITTLE CAN OF GARDIN'S IN MY POCKET AND I'M KEEPING IT! I CAN'T EAT THAT C-RATION SAWDUST THEY HAND OUT!



FORWARD THE REGIMENT SLOGGED FROM MUD TO THE CHILL, COLD

WINDY GROUND -- FROM PEACE TO THE MAD INFERNO OF THE RED SUNFIRE!

YOU MEAN WE HAVE TO GO FORWARD --THROUGH THAT?

WHERE WE'RE HEADED IS UP **THERE!** WHERE WE ARE IS BACK **HERE!** YOU GOT ANY BETTER IDEAS, CARR?



AT THAT MOMENT, FROM THE RIDGE ABOVE THEIR TRAIL, THREE REGS ON AN ENFILTERING MISSION PREPARE TO DEAL THEIR DEATH!

AMERICAN REINFORCEMENTS! KILL ALL WE CAN AND PERHAPS OTHERS WILL PANIC AND FLEE!

TRY TO PICK OFF LEADER! STUPID AMERICANS ARE HELPLESS WITH LEADER GONE!



SLOWLY, SLOWLY THE SIGHTS COME TO BEAR ON A BROAD BACK! A FINGER SQUEEZES GENTLY ON THE TRIGGER! A RIFLE BLASTS!

AHHH!

RED SNIPERS! I SAW THE MUZZLE BLAST! I'LL GET 'EM!



YOU DIRTY BUTCHERS! STICK AROUND AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT FEELS!

CARR! COME BACK, YOU IDOT! THIS IS A PLANNED OPERATION!



BUT PFC DAN CARR HAD NO FEAR FOR A TEAM-WORK COMMAND! THERE WAS NO FEAR IN HIM... ONLY A WILD URGE TO DESTROY AN ENEMY!

DIRTY RED DOGS! TAKE THAT -- AND THAT --- AND THAT!

HE GOT 'EM! DANNY CARR WIPED OUT THE RED SNIPERS!



BUT THERE WERE NO CNEERS FOR DANNY CARR, THE ACE WHEN HE FOLLOWED HIS MATES BACK TO THE LINE OF MARCH!

YOU DUMB Z'ER!! DOUGHFOOT! WE DON'T CHARGE SNIPERS! WE SPREAD OUT AND FLANK 'EM! YOU WERE LUCKY THIS TIME!

OH SURE! AND YOU WERE LUCKY THAT SNIPER'S SLUG ONLY NICKED YOU! NEXT TIME I'LL STAY PUT AND LET 'EM SHOOT YOUR HEAD OFF!



MIRACULOUSLY THE COMPANY WORKED ITS WAY THROUGH THE HELL OF SNELL-BURSTS WITH ONLY MINIMUM CASUALTIES!

DELANEY GOT IT, SARGE! HE'S HIT BAD!

KEEP CRAWLING! THE MEDICS WILL BE IN WHEN THIS SHELLING STOPS!



THE SURVIVORS CAME AT LAST TO THE FOX-HOLES THAT MARKED THE DEFENSE PERIMETER -- HOLES DUG BY MEN NO LONGER ALIVE TO USE THEM!

YOU'RE HOME, GANG! DIG IN AND PLANT ROSES! YOU'LL BE HERE TO SEE THEM BLOSSOM -- IF THE REDS DON'T DRIVE YOU OUT!



SETTLED IN HIS FOX-HOLE, DANNY CARR REMEMBERED THE HUNGER THAT HAD GRIPPED HIM AFTER A FRUGAL, UNSATISFACTORY MEAL!

THESE SARDINES WILL TASTE GRAND ABOUT NOW! IMAGINE, ME, DANNY CARR WHO USED TO BUY \$4 STEAKS AT THE BEST RESTAURANTS!



I COULD EAT TEN CANS OF THESE! IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT BIG-MOUTH SERGEANT, TO HAVE A REAL MEAL BEFORE I GET KILLED! HE'S TOO CUMB TO THANK ME FOR GETTING THE RED WHO SHOT HIM!



WHILE IN AN ADJOINING FOX-HOLE A FEW YARDS AWAY!

WEREN'T YOU ROUGH ON CARR, SARGE! HE SHOWED PLENTY OF GUTS, TAKING OUT THOSE RED SNIPERS SINGLE-HANDED!

HE'S GOT GUTS, MURPH-- BUT BARRING A MIRACLE, HE'D HAVE BEEN KILLED AND WED ALL BE SHORT-HANDED! HE MUST LEARN TEAM-WORK!



SLOWLY THE TERRIBLE ARTILLERY BATTERING EASES OFF AND WITH THE RISING SUN, RED OBSERVERS TRAIN THEIR GLASSES ON THE UNITED NATIONS LINES!

AMERICAN DOGS ARE DUG IN WELL! IF WE KNEW EXACTLY WHERE THEIR FOXHOLES WERE...
WHAT IS THIS?



SO TINY A THING AS A SARDINE CAN, WINKING IN THE RAYS OF THE MORNING SUN, CAN BETRAY THE AMERICAN POSITION TO THE ENEMY!



POST TO TANK COMMANDER! STUPID AMERICAN POSITION HAS BEEN DISCLOSED! ATTACK TANGENTS 45 AND 176 AT INTERSECTION!



AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN THE ADVANCED AMERICAN POSITION...

SARGE A RED TANK -- AND IT'S HEADED RIGHT THIS WAY! THEY MUST HAVE SPOTTED OUR ADVANCE POST, SOMEHOW!

IF THEY HAVE, WE'RE SUNK! WE HAVEN'T A BAZOOKA OR ANYTHING ELSE BIG ENOUGH TO KNOCK OUT A TANK!



SARGE -- LOOK! SOME LAMBEBRAIN THREW A TIN CAN OUT THERE, ALL BRIGHT AND SHINY! **THAT'S** WHAT GAVE OUR POSITION AWAY!

THAT ~~IS~~? DANNY CARR! HE MUSTA HAD ONE CAN STACHED IN HIS POCKET! I'LL TWIST HIS DUMB HEAD OFF!



YOU DUMB JERK! DID YOU TOSS A TIN CAN OVER FRONT LAST NIGHT?

SO WHAT IF I DID? YOU WANT TO MAKE SOMETHING OF THAT, TOO?



NOT ME, BOY! THE REDS ARE COMING TO MAKE PLENTY OF IT! THEY SPOTTED OUR POSITION BY SUNLIGHT ON THAT SHINY TIN!

AWRRK! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! SO THAT'S WHY YOU SAID NO TIN CANS! BUT WHAT CAN WE DO?



AS THE RED MONSTER LUMBERS IN-EXORABLY FORWARD, THERE IS NO LONGER ANY PURPOSE IN CONCEALMENT! A RAIL OF HOPELESS FIRE CONVERGES ON THE IMPERVIOUS ARMOR!



THE TANK WAS ALMOST UPON THEM, EACH FOXHOLE WITHIN RANGE OF ITS DEADLY TURRET GUN!

DON'T BE SILLY! GIVE ME THOSE GRENADES AND GET YOUR HEAD DOWN! THIS IS IN MY DEPARTMENT NOW!



THOSE NARROW TURRETS AREN'T HALF AS TOUGH TO HIT AS THE SLOT ON HOME BASE IN A REALLY TOUGH GAME!



THE DEADLY ACCURACY THAT PUT DANNY CARR AT THE TOP OF THE PITCHING LEAGUE SENDS THE GRENADE THROUGH THE NARROW SLIT!



THE BEST DAWSGONE BULLET-SHIELD, WE EVER HAD! WE GO AHEAD AND RUB IT IN, SON! YOU BARNED IT!



WITH THE RED TANK KNOCKED OUT, THE COMPANY KNEW THEY WERE IN THE CLEAR UNTIL REINFORCEMENTS GOT UP TO HANDLE FUTURE ATTACKS!

THERE IS A GRANDSTAND HERE IN HELL! THE WHOLE FREE WORLD IS IN THE GRANDSTAND--WATCHING WHAT WE DO HERE IN KOREA--AND I WANT TO HELP OUR TEAM WIN!



TANK TRAP

THE five men on patrol in the Sujan area crouched in their thickest hiding place and cursed with bitter helplessness as they watched the clanking Red tank lumber back and forth through the woods below. The Reds knew they were there somewhere and the tank was hunting the five U. N. soldiers with grim tenacity. Back and forth it clanked and rumbled, smashing through underbrush, its turret gun coughing destruction at suspected hiding places. Only the alertness of the patrol had gotten them this far without being seen and slaughtered. But time was running out.

"I'd give a million bucks for a bazooka now," Ken Duley growled. "Here we sit with nothing but pistols and hand grenades. With our radio knocked out by that last close burst, we can't even ask for a fighter-bomber to take that Gook off our necks."

"He'll work up here soon," Martin Wales said. "Then we'll be all through worrying. And no matter which way we try to run for it, we'll be seen and knocked off. That gunner in the turret is a regular Annie Oakley."

Corporal Dave Bert looked bitterly around at their hiding place. Behind them stretched a deep, narrow ravine. They had crossed it earlier on a log, each man sweating as he balanced his precarious way across, conscious of the jagged rocks that waited fifty feet below. They could cross again, but on the other side they would be in clear sight of the tank. They could run and die or stay and die. There seemed no third choice.

"Hey," Dave said suddenly. "I was thinking about that last movie we saw back at rest camp, that one about Africa, with the natives hunting elephants."

"At a time like this," Ken growled, "the guy thinks of movies."

"I'm thinking of our necks. That ravine would make a beaut of an elephant trap. We can lay dead branches across and cover them with bushes. Get going, guys, and work as you've never worked before. He'll be up this way within twenty minutes."

Sheltered by their thicket, the five men burst into furious activity, but not without their doubts. "Say," Sam Hacker said, "how we gonna be sure that Gook tank will come here?"

"He'll come," Dave promised grimly. "Leave that to me. And keep cutting brush."

It was Martin Wales who said suddenly, a few minutes later: "He's headed straight up here right now. He probably figured out that this thicket was a good hiding place. What do we do?"

"You guys get across that log quick. Lie low on the other side while I try to make that driver think this is solid ground. I'm gambling he's one of Uncle Joe's tank boys from China, who, won't know this country too well and won't expect a ravine. Get going."

Carefully the four men crossed the log. Each side, the piled brush masked the depths of the ravine to any but a careful eye. Waiting on the near side, hearing the clanking ramble of the enemy monster drawing closer, Dave felt the cold sweat of doubt drench his palms. It was such a slim gamble, based on so many lucky chances. But it was all the hope they had left.

The tank moved into sight, crashing through the young trees. Dave stood up in plain sight and hurled a hand grenade. The burst was short but it served its purpose. He saw the turret gun swivel toward him and belch flame. A shell burst behind him, but now he was running straight at the masked ravine. Without hesitation he ran straight across on the slender log, trying to set his steps so that the driver of the tank behind would think Dave was running on solid ground.

As he reached the far side, Dave barked, "Stand up in plain sight and raise your hands. He'll want to take us alive."

Obediently the five men stood with raised hands. There were no more shots but the tank speeded up, racing to close in on the U. N. soldiers. With bated breath Dave saw the monster lumber to the edge of the ravine—and on. For one terrible moment it hung teetering on the brink as the masking underbrush crashed away under its treads. Then the tank was over and falling, crashing upside-down on the sharp rocks below.

When they saw that no one moved to crawl out of the shattered giant, Corporal Dave Bert jerked his head. "Let's go. I want to see the Lieutenant's face when we tell him about this job."

SUICIDE DECOY

GETTING WHAT YOU WANT IN LIFE CAN BE AS GREAT A TRAGEDY AS NOT GETTING IT! TAKE IT, MAYFIELD OF THE SIXTH INFANTRY CORPS! MAYFIELD GOT HIS HEART'S DESIRE -- ONLY TO DISCOVER THAT THE PRICE HE HAD TO PAY WAS HORROR -- SHEER, MADDENING HORROR!

HEY, SARGE! THE
LIEUTENANT'S SCREAMING!

WHAT IS IT,
LIEUTENANT?
ARE YOU HIT?

NO, YOU FOOL! NO! LOOK AT THE
SPOT WE'RE IN! WE'RE FINISHED!
WE'LL NEVER GET OUT ALIVE!
WE'RE NOT DECOYS -- WE'RE
SUICIDES!



IN BUSINESS, SOCIAL LIFE, THEN IN OFFICERS' TRAINING CAMP, LT. MAYFIELD PRESERVED A REPUTATION FOR SELF-SACRIFICE AND INSPIRATION!

THAT MAYFIELD IS THE FINEST OFFICER WE'VE EVER TURNED OUT! THERE'S NOTHING HE DOESN'T VOLUNTEER FOR! THERE'S NO ASSIGNMENT TOO HARD OR TOO DANGEROUS FOR MAYFIELD! NATURALLY I KEEP TURNING HIM DOWN!

NATURALLY! YOU CAN'T WASTE AN INDISPENSABLE MAN!



AS FAR BACK AS THE MOCK BATTLES IN THE TRAINING PROGRAM MAYFIELD WAS ALWAYS THE FIRST TO VOLUNTEER, IN A COOL, DETERMINED WAY THAT ALWAYS FOSTERED CONFIDENCE.

PLEASE LET ME LEAD THE FLANKING ATTACK, SIR! I'VE STUDIED THIS BATTLE PROBLEM THOROUGHLY!

YOU ALWAYS DO, MAYFIELD! BUT I'M AFRAID YOUR SERVICES ARE NEEDED HERE! I WANT YOUR TACTICAL ADVICE! SOME LESS CAPABLE OFFICER CAN DIRECT THE ASSAULT!



SURE ENOUGH MAYFIELD'S REPUTATION FOLLOWED HIM INTO THE BATTLE FRONTS OF KOREA --

IT'S A PRIVILEGE TO HAVE YOU WITH US, MAYFIELD! IN MY 25 YEARS IN THE ARMY, I'VE NEVER RECEIVED A FINER LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION!

THANK YOU, SIR! I SHALL TRY HARD TO LIVE UP TO THAT ESTIMATE!



MAYFIELD DID TRY! HE KEPT VOLUNTEERING -- BUT WAS ALWAYS PASSED UP IN FAVOR OF SOMEONE LESS VITAL. IT WAS ASSUMED TO THE GENERAL WELFARE!

SORRY, MAYFIELD -- I NEED YOU HERE! I CAN'T SPARE YOU ON SO DANGEROUS A MISSION!

BUT, SIR, I'M NO MORE VALUABLE THAN ANY OTHER MAN!



I'LL BE THE JUDGE OF THAT, MAYFIELD! TO US YOU ARE MORE VALUABLE!

VERY WELL, SIR! YOU KNOW BEST, SIR!

PERSAPS MAYFIELD'S SUPERIOR OFFICERS WERE TOO CLOSE TO THE SITUATION, BUT IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE MAYFIELD'S BROTHER OFFICERS NOTICED ONE STRANGE FACT --

IT JUST STRUCK ME, ED! WHAT DID MAYFIELD EVER DO TO JUSTIFY HIS REPUTATION? I MEAN DO!

NOTHING I CAN THINK OF! MAYFIELD ALWAYS VOLUNTEERS, BUT HE'S ALWAYS BEING TURNED DOWN! HE'S JUST THE VOLUNTEERING-EST GUY I KNOW!



AND WHEN A PARTICULARLY MESSY BATTLE SITUATION WOULD DEVELOP, ANOTHER THING WAS NOTICEABLE -- AGAIN NOT TO EVERYBODY!

WHERE'S MAYFIELD? HE'S NOT IN THE BATTLE LINE!

COME TO THINK OF IT, HE NEVER IS! HE'S ALWAYS IN THE COLONEL'S SHACK PLANNING STRATEGY!



SEEMS TO ME HE'S EVERY PLACE EXCEPT UNDER FIRE! HOW CAN YOU TELL HOW BRAVE A MAN IS TILL HE'S LOOKED DOWN THE GUNS OF THE ENEMY!

YOU'RE NOT BEING FAIR, TOM! MAYFIELD JUST DOESN'T GET A CHANCE TO SHOW WHAT HE CAN DO! HEAVEN KNOWS HE KEEPS ASKING FOR THE CHANCE!



MAYBE THAT'S WHY HE VOLUNTEERS SO MUCH, ED! HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S PUTTING HIS FOOT INTO! LET HIM GET A TASTE OF THIS AND HE WON'T BE SUCH AN EAGER BEAVER!



AT THE SAME TIME IN COLONEL TERPLETON'S SHACK--

YOU WILL BE GLAD TO KNOW, GENTLEMEN, THAT 6-2 PLANS TO COUNTER-ATTACK SHORTLY! HOWEVER FOR OUR PLAN TO SUCCEED WE SHALL HAVE TO PUT THE ENEMY OFF BALANCE!

YOU MEAN, SIR-- A SERIES OF FEINTS?

NOT A SERIES, MAYFIELD! JUST ONE FEINT expertly executed WILL BE ENOUGH! ONE FLANK DIVERSION ON THE ENEMY!

IN THAT CASE, COLONEL-- MAY I VOLUNTEER FOR THE ASSIGNMENT?



VERY WELL, MAYFIELD! THIS TIME I WILL NOT TURN YOU DOWN! THE DANGEROUS NATURE OF THE ASSIGNMENT REQUIRES THE MOST EXPERT AND COURAGEOUS LEADERSHIP.

ER-- YES, SIR!

ONLY ONE MAN COULD HANDLE THIS JOB-- YOU! YOU MUST ADMIT WHEN I SAVE YOU UP FOR A JOB, MAYFIELD, IT'S A GOOD ONE!

ER-- YES, SIR! I APPRECIATE IT, SIR!

TWO HOURS LATER--

THE MEN ARE ALL SELECTED, LIEUTENANT!

GODD! BE PREPARED TO LEAVE, SERGEANT GORLOCK, IN TEN MINUTES! WE NEED DARKNESS TO COVER OUR MANOEUVRE!

MAYFIELD! MAY WE SEE YOU A MINUTE?



SOME OF US WERE A LITTLE SUSPICIOUS OF YOUR CONSTANT VOLUNTEERING. WE THOUGHT YOU KEPT VOLUNTEERING BECAUSE YOU WERE SURE YOU'D BE PASSED OVER!

NOW WE SEE HOW WRONG WE WERE! FORGIVE US, MAYFIELD!

OF COURSE!

WHAT A GUY! NOT ONE CROSS WORD! THE COLONEL'S RIGHT! OFFICERS LIKE MAYFIELD ARE RARE BIRDS! MAYFIELD MUST HAVE GUTS OF IRON! IF I WERE GOING ON THIS DEDDY OPERATION, I'D BE SHAKING LIKE A LEAF!

WE'RE JUST MEN, LIEUTENANT! MAYFIELD IS A SOLDIER! HE'S ONLY THINKING OF THE JOB HE HAD TO DO!



NOR WAS THE ENLISTED MAN'S ADMIRATION OF MAYFIELD LESS EVIDENT THAN THAT OF HIS BROTHER OFFICERS:

AFTER MANY HOURS OF SLIDING ON THEIR STOMACHS, MAYFIELD FINALLY SIGNALLED A HALT!

WHERE ARE WE GOIN', SARGE?

WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE? LT. MAYFIELD IS LEAGIN' US! THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME! HE COULD TAKE ME CLEAR TO PEKIN AN' I'D FOLLOW HIM!



WE'RE DIGGING IN HERE, SERGEANT!

VERY GOOD, SIR!



A FEW HOURS LATER--

WE'RE ALL DUG IN AND I'VE SEPARATED THE MEN-- ONE MAN TO A FOXHOLE! WHAT'S NEXT, SIR?

NEXT? NE DIE, YOU FOOL! THAT'S WHAT'S NEXT!



WE KNEW IT WAS NO PICHIC, SIR! BUT WHAT EXACTLY ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO? YOU CAN BREAK IT TO US, SIR!

BREAK, YOU FOOL! THERE IS NO BREAK! WE'RE DOOMED! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED! THAT'S WHAT WE CAME HERE FOR!-- TO BE KILLED!



WE'RE OBDOYS! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO STAGE A DIVERSION ON THE ENEMY FLANK! BUT YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN, OUNT YOU? THEY'LL WIPE US OUT! WE'LL BE MASSACRED!

YOUR VOICE, SIR! IT CARRIES! THE MEN --



WHY? MEN? THEY AREN'T MEN! THEY'RE GUINEA PIGS! EXPENDABLE AS OIL! THEY'LL DIE SO THAT THE OTHERS CAN LIVE! YOU FOOL! YOU'RE A LIVING CORPSE!

LIEUTENANT! WHAT'S THE MATTER?



WHO'S YELLIN' SARGE? WE HEARD SOMEBODY YELLIN'!

YOU'RE HEARIN' THINGS! THE LIEUTENANT WAS JUST GIVIN' ME ORDERS!

THERE ARE NO ORDERS! WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE! THEY WANT US TO GIVE OUR POSITIONS AWAY WITH FLARE PISTOLS!



YOU'LL PIKE YOUR FLARES LIKE THAT-- SO THE REDS CAN SEE YOU AND KILL YOU! GO AHEAD LIGHT UP THE DARKNESS! THOSE ARE YOUR ORDERS! THE COLONEL WANTS YOU TO DIE!

YOU HEARD THE LIEUTENANT! GO PIKE YOUR FLARES!

LIEUTENANT--FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE-- GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF! YOU'RE GOIN' OFF YOUR ROC--

THEY TRICKEO ME, THE DEVILS! THEY KNOW I ALWAYS VOLUNTEER! I ALWAYS STICK MY NECK OUT! BUT WHO'D DREAM THEY'D CHOP IT OFF THIS TIME! THE DEVILS!-- THEY SENT ME TO MY DEATH!

LOOK AT THE LOOT! HE'S GOIN' NUTS!

LIEUTENANT, PLEASE-- TAKE IT EASY-- OWN!

THEY THINK THEY'VE GOT ME! BUT THEY HAVEN'T! THE REST OF YOU CAN BE HEROES! GET YOURSELF KILLED FOR THE GLORY OF IT! NOT ME!

IM HOBBOYS SUCKER! I'M GOING WHERE IT'S SAFE-- BACK TO OUR LINES!

BUT YOU'RE RUNNING THE WRONG WAY! YOU'RE HEADIN' FOR THE RED LINES!

LIEUTENANT! COME BACK! LIEUTENANT!

HE'S GONE COMPLETELY NUTS! HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHERE HE'S RUNNING TO! HE'S SO SCARED HE STOPPED THINKIN'!

THEY DOUBLE-CROSSED ME! THEY LET ME TAKE THE ASSIGNMENT! BUT I'LL GET OUT OF IT! THEY WON'T KILL ME!

WHY'D I HAVE TO KEEP VOLUNTEERIN'! WHY? WHY?

WE'LL NEVER REACH HIM, SARGE! HE'S TOO NEAR THE REDS!

THEN KEEP GOIN'! HE WERE SUPPOSED TO MAKE THE REDS THINK AN ATTACK WAS COMIN' FROM THIS SIDE! LET'S DO IT! WITH OR WITHOUT MAYFIELD!

I CAN SEE OUR LINES NOW! BUT WHY ARE THEY FIRING AT ME? STOP YOU IDIOTS! CAN'T YOU SEE IT'S ME-- MAYFIELD? I'M RETURNING!

点菜月少

MEANWHILE, IN THE U.S. BATTLE LINES--

DID YOU SEE MAYFIELD, COLONEL? HE'S AMAZING! HE'S LEADING AN ATTACK ON THE REDS! HE'S SPURRING WAY AHEAD OF HIS MEN! WHAT GUTS!



HE'S THROWN THE REDS INTO CONFUSION! THEY THINK IT'S THE FIRST WAVE OF A FLANKING ATTACK! CAPTAIN-- GIVE THE SIGNAL TO ATTACK!

ONLY ONE MAN IN THIS UNIT HAS THE NERVE TO STAGE SUCH AN ATTACK! MAYFIELD! THE MAN DOESN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF FEAR!

IT'S NOT ONLY BRAVERY, BO! THAT RECKLESS CHARGE IS MILITARY GENIUS! NOBODY EXPECTED MAYFIELD TO GO SO FAR-- NOT EVEN THE COLONEL!



AT THAT SAME MOMENT ON THE FLANK OF THE CONFUSED REDS--

WAIT A MINUTE! THESE AREN'T OUR LINES! THEY'RE REDS-- (GASP)-- I'VE RUN IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!



DON'T SHOOT! I--IT'S A MISTAKE! I RAN THE WRONG WAY! THE WRONG-- EEEI-IT!



THEY SHOT HIM IN THE BACK! --THE CRUMB! HE WAS TRYING TO RUN AWAY! LET'S DO WHAT HE COULDN'T!



CAUGHT IN A CROSS-FIRE THE TERRIFIED REDS HAD NO CHANCE OF STOPPING THE AMERICAN COUNTER ATTACK!



LATER AS DAWN ROSE OVER THE CAPTURED STRONGHOLD--

HEY, SARGE! THE COLONEL'S RECOMMENDING MAYFIELD FOR A POSTHUMOUS MEDAL! SHOULDN'T WE TELL HIM THE TRUTH?



WHAT'S THE GOOD? BY TURNIN' YELLOW MAYFIELD ACCIDENTALLY LED US TO A VICTORY CHARGE! LET IT STAY THAT WAY! THE CREW WAS A DECOY HIMSELF ANYWAY!



THE MEN HODDED, FOR THEY, LIKE SERGEANT GORLOCK UNDERSTOOD THAT THE BRAVADO OF SOME MEN IS NOTHING BUT A PSYCHOLOGICAL DECOY LEADING PEOPLE AWAY FROM THE TRUTH OF THEIR COURAGE!



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